

The Sun.

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Degrees of Enmity.

What is this that SAMUEL GOMPERS, in his furious disappointment, is saying about "the enemies of organized labor?"

Has organized labor any enemy more to be feared than a leader who bids it march with him in an attack upon the American courts of justice; who asks it to stand with him in defiance of the American courts' decrees?

Has organized labor any worse enemy than an eager, if unauthorized, agent who undertakes or proposes to dispose by contract at wholesale of the votes of a few hundred thousand free and independent American citizens who have been paying him wages to dignify, not to degrade them?

Just a Hint in North Carolina.

We note in at least one North Carolina paper, the *Charlotte Observer*, a faint undertone of warning to the vociferous Bryanites who are tearing the welkin to tatters, for the third time, in their joy and confidence. The Hon. JOSEPHUS DANIELS, down in Raleigh, is rocking the mountains with his exultant bray, just as he has done before, and smaller instruments are piping and squeaking according to their calibre. But the *Observer*, though it is not at all alarmed—oh, dear, not far from it—is of opinion that it will be well to get one's front legs down upon the ground and prance but mildly, so to speak.

It appears there are more than two reasons for sobriety and caution. In the first place the recent struggle over the Governorship between KITCHIN and CRAIG has left many open scores behind. The fight was fierce, and the defeated combatants are in no mood for sudden reconciliation or for enthusiastic party activity. Then, after the great work of the convention had been concluded most of the delegates took the first train for home, some triumphant, others disgusted, but all of them worn out; and after their remnant got together and instructed for WILLIAM J. BRYAN—a consummation not at all desired by the body of the North Carolina Democracy and deeply resented then and now. Finally the conflict over prohibition made yawning rifts in Democratic harmony, changed friends into enemies, built up bristling walls between once devoted families, and brought Republicans into fellowship with Democrats and vice versa. What is more, these artificial lines of cleavage and alliance are not so easy to erase, for there is a disquieting apprehension that the struggle may be renewed, and, sad but true to say, the freedom to drink liquor or the right to deny that freedom to others is closer to the North Carolina heart than are Mr. BRYAN's fortunes.

No doubt it will all come out right enough along about the end of October. So the *Observer* says, and so we are constrained to think. But our esteemed contemporary makes no secret of its concern for an earlier adjustment. It is not enough to feel reasonably sure that the billows bequeathed by the recent agitation will be smoothed out some time further on. There are prophetic souls in North Carolina, we infer, that will be better pleased to see the bosom of the waters tranquil, stirred only by the prismatic ripples that tell of lasting peace beneath.

Election Day in Cuba.

This is election day in Cuba, and the new electoral law drafted by the Advisory Law Commission, of which Colonel E. H. CROWDER, U. S. A., is President, will have its first test. The Cuban people will be on trial, and their behavior ought to be exemplary, for there has been a careful registration based upon the Olmsted census and great pains have been taken to eliminate the Rural Guard as a political factor. The process began with the advent of the Provisional Government, which investigated and verified a charge that the Rural Guard had become a political agency during the Palma Administration, and at once proceeded to reorganize the guard and confine it to its peace duties. With army officers who have no personal interest in the elections acting as provincial governors, and with the municipal police, the constabulary and in the last resort, the army of occupation to preserve order, the elections, which are for provisional and municipal officers, should be an object lesson to the Cuban people.

The original plan of the Peace Commission, composed of Secretary TAFT and Assistant Secretary of State ROBERT BACON, contemplated the holding of elections on January 1, 1907, under the provisions of an electoral law to be prepared by a non-partisan commission. But its work was notorious and delicate and had to be done with delibera-

tion. It was of the utmost importance that any election to be held under the law should be postponed until a full and fair registration was made. This proceeding necessitated a new census. So the elections were put off indefinitely. When Secretary TAFT visited Cuba again in April, 1907, he conferred with the national committee of the several parties and addressed a letter to Governor MAGOON in which he recommended that "the wisest course is to hold a preliminary election to test the electoral law and to test the tranquillity of the country." The census was taken in October and November, 1907, and in December Governor MAGOON was of opinion that the provincial and municipal elections could be held in April or May of the following year. But as the spring of the year is devoted to harvesting the sugar and tobacco crops the time would not have been propitious for an election and it was wisely postponed until August 1.

Parties are easily born in Cuba and party ties are not very binding. The Moderates, whom President PALMA decided to associate himself with after posing as a non-partisan, doubtless, with the best intentions, have ceased to exist as an organization. The Liberals, who opposed the Moderates under the Palma Administration, split with its fall into two factions called the Migueletas and Zayasites after their leaders. Another party, composite in its formation, the Conservatives, was made necessary by the irreconcilable feud of the followers of JOSE MIGUEL GOMEZ and Senator ZAYAS. This party and these two factions of the Liberal party are appealing to the Cuban people for their suffrages to-day.

The Nicotian Age.

A new question is presented for the consideration of sociologists. A large part of the country has been swept by a wave of prohibition of traffic in intoxicating liquors. It is alleged though not proved that there is some occult connection between the liquor habit and the use of tobacco. Will prohibition affect the tobacco trade?

Recent years have seen an astonishing increase in the consumption of cigars. In round figures the smokers of the United States burned 6,000,000,000 cigars in 1900 and 8,500,000,000 in 1907, a 40 per cent. increase in seven years. During the same term the consumption of cigarettes has doubled. Taking a longer period, it appears that about 1,000,000,000 cigars supplied the requirements of the country in 1870. Therefore, in a single generation, during which the population of the country has a little more than doubled, the consumption of cigars has increased more than eightfold. In 1870 the consumption of cigarettes was comparatively small. About 5,300,000 "cigar nails" were burned in this country last year.

If the present pace continues the twentieth century will go down in history as the nicotian age. The domestic tobacco crop of 1890 was valued at \$24,288,000. The crop of 1900 was valued at \$53,861,000, and the output of 1907 at \$70,234,000. These are values of the leaf as a farm product only. In 1908 the total product was 400,000,000 pounds. From 1900 to 1903 inclusive the average output exceeded 800,000,000 pounds. The next four years show a decrease of a little more than 10 per cent. in quantity, but a material advance in total value. The import figures are even more striking. In 1898 our bill for imported tobacco, including leaf and cigars, was less than \$10,000,000. In 1907 it was not far from \$35,000,000. In 1908 we imported 10,000,000 pounds of leaf tobacco, and in 1907 40,000,000 pounds.

The problem is this: Will thirsty humanity, deprived of its wonted moisture, turn for solace to the weed and so still further increase its production and consumption, or will those who are deprived of their tipple by legal barriers lose that craving for tobacco which many good people regard as an ever attendant handmaiden of the Demon Rum? About one hundred cigars and sixty cigarettes, besides plug, mixtures, fine cut and snuff, is now the yearly portion for every man, woman and child in the country.

Lord Cromer's Prediction.

The old age pension bill will become a law in the United Kingdom in the form in which it passed the House of Commons, although the Lords have proposed some amendments to the measure. They will not insist upon the amendments, being precluded by custom from amending money bills, but that fact did not prevent Lord LANSDOWNE, Lord ROSEBURY and other conspicuous members of the chamber from expressing grave disapproval of the measure. The incident of the debate, however, was Lord CROMER's declaration that Britain's financial resources ought not to be depleted, as they would be by the law proposed, at a juncture when the country was likely soon to find itself involved in a European conflict. Much weight was attached to the assertion, partly because of the speaker's high authority and partly because of the obvious inference that he could have no other enemy in view than the German Empire. The expediency of allaying quickly the misgivings caused by Lord CROMER's speech was recognized by King EDWARD VII., who forthwith caused it to be announced that early in August he would pay a return visit to his nephew, Emperor WILLIAM II.

Lord CROMER himself was careful to disclaim any doubt as to the existence of the most cordial relations between the son and the grandson of the late Queen VICTORIA. He pointed out, however, that in our times war are due not so much to dynastic enmities or rivalries as to international competition. An individual monarch nowadays, where representative institutions exist, cannot drag his people into a conflict without their own consent; and he can at most only retard the explosion of a long accumulated dread or dislike of a foreign nation. The press is free in the German Empire, and none can have followed its utterances during the last ten years without becoming convinced that many Germans have come to regard England with the same antipathy with which the Ro-mans, who were mighty on

land, viewed the great sea power of Carthage. As an exporter of manufactures, Germany sees that Britain has the advantage of a long start, and that only by incessant efforts can she manage to take away some of her rival's custom. Germany also came very late into the scramble for colonial possessions and finds Britain the mistress of the most valuable transmarine dependencies and of almost all the strategic points which command the great routes of maritime traffic. There is in a word no doubt that in the midst of a large and influential section of Germany's population Great Britain now occupies the place of national and inevitable antagonist which forty years ago was held by France.

What has puzzled the auditors and readers of Lord CROMER's speech, however, is what unyielding reason he has for believing an outbreak of German dislike of England to be not distant. There is no such reason discernible on the horizon to the ordinary observer. On the contrary the German Empire seems much less qualified for an aggressive move against Britain than she was in the eighth decade of the last century, when up to the Congress of Berlin she could have relied on the good will if not the active cooperation of Russia. Even at the close of the last century, when England was engaged in the South African war, the Berlin Government had an opportunity of interposing with effect and profit, but this it let slip. Now, on the other hand, Germany has but one trustworthy ally in Europe, namely, Austria-Hungary, for against Britain the Italians could not be relied upon. What basis, then, can Lord CROMER have for his alarmist avowal that England's danger is not far away? Is there an anti-British intrigue going on among the European Chancelleries of which the world at large knows nothing? This can hardly be, for Sir CHARLES DILKE is understood to have the same sources of information as are possessed by Lord CROMER, and the former has said that he knows of no ground for the latter's sensational declaration.

One thing is certain, that the comments of German newspapers on King EDWARD's visit to his nephew, which is now near at hand, should prove interesting reading.

The Ravages of Carnegie in Massachusetts.

In recent years some unkind things have been said of the Great and General Court of Massachusetts. Not long ago that body wrote itself down lower than its most illustrious ancestor would dare to write it. This was the resolution passed without shame by these august representatives of a State famous historically, rich and that used to be proud:

"Resolved, That the board of trustees of the Massachusetts Agricultural College are hereby authorized and directed to use their best efforts to secure and accept for the college the benefit of the retiring fund of the Carnegie Foundation for the advancement of teachers."

We are not aware that the Massachusetts Agricultural College is of any particular use to agriculture or Massachusetts. Still that State is amply able to pay the institution's bills and to provide old age pensions for its professors. And here is where the inextinguishable vanity and money of CARNEGIE become a public menace and danger, blight public self-respect and turn a prosperous community into a beggaring letter writer. What's the use of paying even the paltriest mill of tax when CARNEGIE will provide? For the sake of library buildings town after town has submitted to the humiliation of mendicancy and saddled itself and posterity with debts to build another Carnegie monument.

Now a State, hat in hand, with bated breath and whispering humbleness, asks alms of the great promotor of mendicancy. "Massachusetts, God forgive her, she's a-kneeling" before "the rest." It is enough to make Faneuil Hall rock itself down and the Unicorn on the Old State House run himself through with his own horn.

It is a pleasure to see the Springfield Republican, which for all its crankiness and divagations has more of the old Massachusetts spirit than any other journal in the State, lambasting mightily this degrading pursuit of eleemosynary dollars. God save the Commonwealth of Massachusetts—from being a pensioner in her old age!

Those who would teach the young Filipino ideas how to shoot will welcome the announcement made by School of an examination to be held on August 26 and 27 by the United States Civil Service Commission for the selection of clerks and teachers to fill the many existing vacancies. Salaries of teachers range from \$1,200 to \$2,000; of superintendents, \$1,800 to \$3,000. Women are eligible only if closely related to men who are holding or have been appointed to teaching positions in the Philippines. Graduates of normal schools, technical and agricultural schools and of colleges are in particular demand. Candidates for appointment may obtain full information relative to the coming examination either from the commission at Washington or from local boards.

A mule mascot for BRYAN.—Yesterday's news. A cat, which like Mr. BRYAN is bound to "come back," would be a more appropriate talisman.

Some "don'ts" for sea bathers: Don't go into the water at all if your heart is weak, or if of an apoplectic tendency; at one beach on the Jersey shore within the past week two bathers, who should never have dared the surf, were stricken immediately after "coming out." Don't go in too soon after eating, and don't launch yourself into the bosom of the broad Atlantic with a cargo of alcohol aboard.

Don't forget to wet your head first. Don't get too strong, and don't despise the humble life line; the next one out is a long voyage off, and places of refreshment are scarce between this coast and that. Don't stay in too long, and don't forget this motto for bathers: "It's better to be sure than sorry"—and remember that it is others to whom the sorrow will come.

I have no politics.—SAMUEL GOMPERS. The same slippery SAM who a few days ago was warning the faithful that the labor union man who didn't vote for BRYAN would have to reckon with his organization.

The presumption of ex-Governor DAVID R. FRANKLIN of Missouri, who is said to be a candidate for the Democratic nomination

for President in 1912, must nettles Mr. BRYAN. Especially must he view with impatience the specious statement of a friend of the upstart.

"Mr. FRANKLIN is aggressively a candidate for the Democratic nomination. He can consistently assume this position during the present campaign, because BRYAN has declared that if elected he would not be a candidate for reelection."

And DAVE will soon return from Europe to begin a speaking tour for Mr. BRYAN and "cover more territory than any other campaigner for the Nebraska." This would be so much like the impulsive help Mr. BRYAN gave Judge FAHMAN in 1904 that FRANKLIN is likely to be regarded as a suspicious character by the altruist of Lincoln.

The most popular man in Europe is apparently the Sultan of Turkey, who has been called the Great Easterner and other names of loathing; that is, if popularity is to be inferred from the fact that "seven hundred thousand persons observed and blessed him" in Constantinople yesterday for the promise of a constitution.

OPINIONS ABOUT GOMPERS'S JOB.

From the Harp.
 Will somebody please tell an injunction to restrain Mr. Gompers from unwarrantably using the name of labor? Will somebody please get out an injunction to compel him to show proof that he has power to pledge the support of labor to any political party?

From the Detroit News.
 Samuel Gompers is a man to deliver this heterogeneous mass of temperance, opinion and idealism and body to the support of a certain political party about the principles of which men of the same religious creed, the same union labor card, the same economic creed can differ widely and yet differ honestly. It is his right to do it if he can. It is within his power to boast that he can do it, even if he cannot. But, considering the wretchedness of a person who thinks for himself, who has eyes to read and mind to weigh all arguments, who has outlooks and viewpoints of his own, who is completely the master of his own vote, is he overstepping the line to say that Samuel Gompers has a pretty big job on his hands.

From the Washington Post.
 Mr. Gompers is not the only friend of labor in this country, and perhaps not the most influential one. The fact that a voter is a workman does not warrant the belief that he is incapable of exercising independent judgment in political matters. No American citizen, whether a laboring man or a capitalist, needs the services of a leader in order to cast his vote intelligently.

Why One Old Republican Will Vote for Bryan.

To the EDITOR OF THE SUN.—Sir: Roosevelt has cost the country so many thousands of millions and caused the illness of so many hundreds of thousands that his policies have become intolerable. Taft ought to read again and carefully the parable of the tares and the wheat. If Taft is going to follow the Roosevelt policies, which are so largely the Bryan follies, I will vote for Bryan to drive the Republican party openly to oppose such destructive methods.

A FIFTY YEAR REPUBLICAN.
 MONTROSE, PA., July 30.

The Question of Renominating Governor Hughes.

To the EDITOR OF THE SUN.—Sir: As to Governor Hughes's renomination, the party does not owe it to him. He was elected by other than Republican votes. Let the other party or parties nominate him, as he is so well qualified to do so. Don't let us have a repetition of what happened in Chicago. Give us a candidate who will get the votes for our side of the national ticket.

Governor Hughes has as much chance of being elected as a street car and his nomination would very much jeopardize the election of "My Policy Taft."

NEW YORK, July 30.

To the EDITOR OF THE SUN.—Sir: The statement of Little Tim Woodruff, printed this morning, is awful funny. Tim is the funniest of funnies in connection with the election.

It looks to me as if the Democrats had a chance to elect the Governor this time—that is, if Connors and Murphy will permit it.

REPUBLICAN.
 SARATOGA SPRING, July 30.

KEEPING DOGS.

The Obligation of Owners to See That They Do Not Become a Nuisance.

To the EDITOR OF THE SUN.—Sir: Dogs are said to be kept as a protection to life and property, but those who ought to know, officials of burglar insurance companies, say that dogs are practically valueless as guards against thieves. Don't let us either avoid a dog, make friends with it, or give it something that renders it harmless. In rare cases a dog may save a life, but for every person whose life does not probably kill a thousand persons either by causing hydrophobia, by preventing sleep, by disturbing sick persons, by causing injury to children, or by destroying the most valuable of all property—health.

If people keep dogs they are under obligation to keep them so that they cannot annoy or injure other people. Due regard to the rights of the dogs are valuable as protectors, as some persons assert that they are; and if they are not valuable as protectors it is no hardship to get rid of them.

In the country well kept dogs make proper rest for the nerves and undisturbed sleep impossible for a large proportion of the people, and it is an extremely important duty resting upon authorities everywhere to see to it that those who keep dogs keep them so that they cannot annoy or injure other people than their owners.

NEW YORK, July 31.

Americans in England.

To the EDITOR OF THE SUN.—Sir: It is very gratifying to all true sportsmen and to Americans who are taking part in the tennis at Wimbledon that it has been by this time we should have heard that the stroke of their right hand had been doped and that the American players had been appointed to teaching positions in the Philippines. Graduates of normal schools, technical and agricultural schools and of colleges are in particular demand. Candidates for appointment may obtain full information relative to the coming examination either from the commission at Washington or from local boards.

Not So Unusual as Some Folks Think.

To the EDITOR OF THE SUN.—Sir: Last evening about 6 o'clock I boarded a trolley car at Twenty-third street for the Grand Central Station, paid my fare and asked for a transfer. When the conductor handed me my change and a transfer he actually said "Thank you!" His number was 1291. Give him a credit note, please.

NEW YORK, July 30.

"Marketable."

To the EDITOR OF THE SUN.—Sir: Is there such a word as "marketability," and is the same a simple or a compound word?

There is. It is formed from the adjective "marketable" by the addition of "billy."

An Expert's Criticism.

Stella—What do you think of the sheet skirt? Bella—It looks like an invitation to mice.

When Pelly Shells the Peas.
 Of all her more accomplished deeds
 Let others sing the praise,
 Describe the charm of when she rides,
 The rapture when she plays
 Though homelier, I count my theme
 Surpassing all of these,
 And therefore chant with halting rhyme
 What Pelly shells the peas.

Domestic is the picture made,
 And I can understand
 Why they should burst their jackets through
 To tumble in her hand.

Perhaps I am as green as they,
 And I feel with you,
 My heart boils over from its pod
 When Pelly shells the peas.

McLAREN WILSON.

THE STENDHAL LETTERS.

That great promenade of souls and cities Henry Boyle, better known as Stendhal, was a writer of formidable patience, whose labored correspondence is enormous. How enormous may be seen in the three volumes newly published at Paris by Charles Bosses, the pages of which number 1,886. These letters begin in 1800, when Stendhal was a precocious youth of 17, and end in 1842, a few days before his death. There are more than 700 of them, and yet he must have written many more, probably several thousand, for we know that Mérimée destroyed nearly all his correspondence with Stendhal, and we read of 800 written to a Milanese lady—his one grand, because unsuccessful, passion. But a few of these are included, the remainder doubtless having been burned for prudish sake. The earliest edition of the Stendhal letters appeared in 1865, edited by Prosper Mérimée, with an introduction by the author of "Carmen." The present edition is edited by two devoted Stendhaliens, Ad. Paupe and P. A. Cheramy. It comprises all the earlier correspondence, the letters printed in the "Bibliothèque de la Revue," some letters never before published, "Lettres Intimes" (1802), and letters published in the first series of "Soirées du Stendhal Club" (1905), which latter volume has been reviewed in these columns. There are also letters from the archives of the Ministers of the Interior, of War and of Foreign Affairs—altogether a complete collection, though ugly in appearance, resembling a volume of Congressional reports, but valuable to the Stendhal student.

For the first time the names of his correspondents appear in full. Mérimée suppressed most of them or gave only the initials. And, as Remy de Gourmont remarks, a letter wears a different aspect when we know to whom it is addressed, as there is in it as much of this person, whoever it may be, as of the writer. We learn who these correspondents were, and writers, as well as the profoundest psychology, Boyle-Stendhal would have been the first man to overthrow any altar erected to his worship. The second series collected by Stendhal and Paul Arbetel is hardly as novel as the first. The most important article is devoted to the question whether Stendhal dedicated to Napoleon his "History of Painting" (mostly borrowed from Lami's book). The 1837 dedication is enigmatic; it might be the last Napoleon, or Louis XVIII., or the Emperor of Russia. M. Arbetel holds to the latter, as Stendhal was so poor that he hoped for a position as preceptor in Russia and thought by the ambiguity of this dedication to catch the favorable eye of the Czar. Napoleon was at Saint Helena and a hateful King was on the throne of France. Let all three be duped, said to himself the merry Stendhal—and in the end he was the duped. That is Arbetel's theory. When in 1837 Stendhal wrote the history appended it was headed by touching, almost tearful dedication to the exile of Saint Helena Stendhal's executor, Romain Colomb, had found in among the papers of the dead author, and as Napoleon was dead he published it. Evidently Stendhal had written several for political reasons had selected the misleading one of the 1817 edition. Recall Beethoven's magnificent rage when he tore into pieces the dedication page of his "Eroica" Symphony on hearing news of Napoleon's fall. Stendhal had crowned himself Emperor. Quite Stendhalian this, Machiavellian, and also time serving. No doubt he smiled his wicked smile—with tongue in cheek—at the trick, and no doubt his true disciples applauded it. He was the Superman of his day, one who bothered little with moral obligations. His favorite device was a line of verse in an old opera bouffe: "Vengo adesso di Cosmopolis"; and what has a true cosmopolitan, a promoter of peace, and a polemic campaigner in which Stendhal served, particularly of the burning of Moscow and the disastrous retreat of the French army. Related by an eye witness whose style is concise, whose power of observation is "extraordinary—witness the description in 'La Chartreuse de Parme' of the battle of Waterloo, a description praised by Tolstoy and one that inspired him—these letters possess historic value.

All the Parisian literati in the second volume, "The Man of the World and the Dilettante" (1815-1820); while "The Public Functionary" (Stendhal was Consul at Trieste and Civita Vecchia—and "Novelli") are the themes of volume three (1820-1842). The friends with whom Stendhal corresponded were Guizot, Thiers, Balzac, Byron, Walter Scott, Sainte-Beuve and many distinguished noblemen and men of affairs. He had friends in London, Thomas Moore and Sutton-Sharp among the rest; and he visited England several times. Baron Mareste and Romain Colomb were confidants, the latter his biographer. Stendhal, with an irony that never deserted him, wrote often notices of himself because Jules Janin had jestingly remarked that when Stendhal died he would furnish plenty of good material for the necrologists. The articles in guizot sent to M. Stendhal of the *German Review*, London, are tedious reading; besides, there are too many of them.

As a man whose ears and eyes were very close to the whirling of contemporary events, his descriptions of Napoleon and Byron are peculiarly interesting. At first Bonaparte had been a demi-god, then he was reviled by the young man—because with the Corsican's downfall he lost his hopes for the future. He had witnessed the coronation and did not forget that Talma had given Napoleon free tickets to the Comédie Française; also that Pope Pius VII. pronounced Latin Italian fashion, thus: "Spiritus sanctus." As the Emperor passed by on horseback, cheered by the mobs, "he smiled his smile of the theatre, in which one shows the teeth, but with eyes that smile not." Vivid this, though not altogether true. He had seen each other. When Byron's physician and secretary, Foldor, was arrested by the Milan secret police, Stendhal relates that the Englishman's rage was appalling. Byron then resembled Napoleon, declared Stendhal, his marble wrath. Another time the French author advised Byron, who lived at a distance from the opera house, to take a carriage, as at midnight walking was dangerous in Milan. Coldly though politely Byron asked for some indication of his route and then during a painful silence he left poor Stendhal staring after him as he hobbled away in the darkness. Such human touches are worth any of the letters in the literature of the day is discussed.

Ten years later from Genoa—1823—Byron wrote Stendhal, whom he apparently liked, thanking for a notice he had read of himself in the latter's book, "Rome, Naples and Florence in 1817," and also advising the opportunity to defend Sir Walter Scott against certain imputations of Stendhal's. Sir Walter master of the anecdote, these letters may serve as an introduction to Stendhal's works, though we wish for more of the tender epistles. However, in "The Diary, the Journal and the Life of Henri Brulard," one may find copious and frank—too frank for English and American taste—confessions of Stendhal's love life. So little of the literary man was in him that at the close of his career, when he had received the Legion of Honor, he was indignant because this was bestowed upon him not in his capacity of public functionary but as a man of letters. The reverse was the case with J. K. Huysmans, who was decorated because of faithful public services when he should have been elected to the Academy. Adolphe Paupe, the editor of this bulky correspondence—and heaven knows how much more material there may be in the Grenoble archives—fittingly closes his brief introduction with a quotation from a writer the antipodes of Stendhal, the parish priest, Monsieur Barbey d'Aurevilly, who after calling the correspondence "adorable" adds that it possesses the unheard-of charm of Stendhal's other books, a charm which is inexhaustible. Notwithstanding this eloquence, we prefer the old edition compiled by Mérimée. There is such a thing as too much Stendhal, although every scrap of his writing is sacred to his disciples.

We are glad, therefore, to note in the second series of the "Soirées du Stendhal Club," just published, that the principal Stendhalian, Henry Boyle, who some call themselves—Casimir Stendhal—shows a disposition to mock at the antics of overheated Stendhaliens. M. Stendhal, who has been called by Paul Bourget "the man of affairs of the Byronic family," dilates the idea of a Stendhal cult and wonders how the ironic and humorous Boyle would have treated the worshippers who wish to make of him a mystic god—which is the proper critical attitude. The book, being edited by Stendhal, is a masterpiece of psychology, and we prefer the old edition compiled by Mérimée. There is such a thing as too much Stendhal, although every scrap of his writing is sacred to his disciples.

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NEW HAMPshire Vital Statistics.

From the Keene Sentinel.

A cow belonging to H. A. Davis gave birth to a pair of twins yesterday.

Force of Example.

Knicker-Sports are beneficial because of the emulation they excite.

Knicker-Ever notice a messenger boy trying to emulate a Marathon runner?

The Allegory of Golf.

Knicker-Golf is a politician's game.

Knicker-Yes, it consists of getting in and out of holes.

Talk and Mamey.

Knicker-Oral betting is allowable.

Knicker-Well, that's all many a man's ever saying to me.

Florence in 1817," and also advising the opportunity to defend Sir Walter Scott against certain imputations of Stendhal's. Sir Walter master of the anecdote, these letters may serve as an introduction to Stendhal's works, though we wish for more of the tender epistles. However, in "The Diary, the Journal and the Life of Henri Brulard," one may find copious and frank—too frank for English and American taste—confessions of Stendhal's love life. So little of the literary man was in him that at the close of his career, when he had received the Legion of Honor, he was indignant because this was bestowed upon him not in his capacity of public functionary but as a man of letters. The reverse was the case with J. K. Huysmans, who was decorated because of faithful public services when he should have been elected to the Academy. Adolphe Paupe, the editor of this bulky correspondence—and heaven knows how much more material there may be in the Grenoble archives—fittingly closes his brief introduction with a quotation from a writer the antipodes of Stendhal, the parish priest, Monsieur Barbey d'Aurevilly, who after calling the correspondence "adorable" adds that it possesses the unheard-of charm of Stendhal's other books, a charm which is inexhaustible. Notwithstanding this eloquence, we prefer the old edition compiled by Mérimée. There is such a thing as too much Stendhal, although every scrap of his writing is sacred to his disciples.

We are glad, therefore, to note in the second series of the "Soirées du Stendhal Club," just published, that the principal Stendhalian, Henry Boyle, who some call themselves—Casimir Stendhal—shows a disposition to mock at the antics of overheated Stendhaliens. M. Stendhal, who has been called by Paul Bourget "the man of affairs of the Byronic family," dilates the idea of a Stendhal cult and wonders how the ironic and humorous Boyle would have treated the worshippers who wish to make of him a mystic god—which is the proper critical attitude. The book, being edited by Stendhal, is a masterpiece of psychology, and we prefer the old edition compiled by Mérimée. There is such a thing as too much Stendhal, although every scrap of his writing is sacred to his disciples.